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THE BETTER LAND.

By Mrs. ANN E. TILDEN.

There is a land, whose sun
In clouds shall never set;
A brighter home, where friends
Whose hearts in union met,
Shall part no more, with tears
To dim their joyous eyes;
But in their hearts the cloudless sun
Of gladness shall arise.

There is a land where flowers
Of varied hue shall bloom,
And ever through its air
Shall breathe their sweet perfume.
Faintest those flowers shall be,
Nor shall the chill of death
Crash all their beauty in its bud
Or catch their sweetest breath.

There is a land, where streams
Of silver brightly flow,
And in their bosom bear
Sunbeams where'er they go.
These streams are never dry,
But, gliding swiftly on,
They cheer their way with murmurs low
Of pure and rippling song.

O, be it ours to dwell
In that unclouded land,
Where loved and loving hearts,
In one unbroken band,
Shall meet to praise the love
Which bore them safely o'er
Earth's tide of sorrows and its grief,
To Heaven's peaceful shore.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

MISSION AMONG THE DANES.—The following is a translation of a letter, addressed by some Danish brethren in our Danish mission in Wisconsin, to Pastor Hedstrom. It was intended for the Missionary Board in New York, but as they could not write English, they wrote in their native language to Bro. Hedstrom, and desired him to translate it for the Board. Bro. Hedstrom is our Swedish missionary in New York, assisted by Bro. Peterson. Their centre of operations is the Bethel ship John Wesley, on the North River. He speaks not only the Swedish, but also the Danish and Norwegian languages. Indeed, our Swedish mission in New York is the centre of communication between the evangelical movement in this country and the extreme North-West of Europe; and its influence reaches far back into our North-Western States and territories.

To Pastor O. G. Hedstrom.—
DEAR BROTHER:—Permit us, who have put our names to this letter, to acknowledge our thankfulness to the brethren in New York for sending us missionaries who will faithfully preach the word of everlasting life to us. We do not understand the English language so perfectly as to write directly to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but we hope that you will explain the few scattering remarks of this letter to the society. Should we not use the language of the two disciples, when on their way to Emmaus, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us in the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" Permit us, through you, sir, to tell the brethren, for their encouragement, that since the beginning of the present year there has been a spiritual struggle among our countrymen here. God uses his instruments, and the chief of these is the word of God, which is preached in power, and is followed by the faithful prayers of the people of God. Bro. Wilrup has done a great deal of good the short time he has been with us; the Lord has awakened through him many cold professors, and those who have been dead in trespasses and sin, to an earnest consideration about their spiritual state; and others have felt the pardoning love of God shed abroad in their hearts, both here in Cambridge, and other Norwegian settlements in Wisconsin. Our prayer to the great Head of the church is that we may have Bro. Wilrup a long time among us.

He has, besides the regular preaching, kept prayer meetings and class meetings among us, which have resulted in a great deal of good to the upbuilding of our souls. And, as Bro. Wilrup speaks the English as well as the Norwegian languages, we feel, and are assured, that he is able to conduct even some of our temporal affairs. His living among us has been an example to us; likewise his teaching of evangelical doctrines—so he is exactly such a man as we have need of. May these few lines show the feelings of our hearts to God and the church, for what the Lord and his people have done for us, in kindling a fire in our hearts; words cannot express the feelings of those hearts which have been led to know that Christ hath power on earth to forgive sins. Our prayer is that the kingdom of God may spread throughout the earth; and may God reward you for your love to us and others, for giving yourselves and your money for His honor and glory, and in rescuing many souls from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. And may your souls be watered with the dew of heaven, and at last be permitted to see him face to face in his kingdom above. Amen.

J. A. Winberg, Torstein Erickson, R. O. Knudsen, Thor Synersen, Olsen, Berni Masden, M. D., Knud Johnsen, Ole Larson, Christen Hansen, Bernd. Engenbrenson.
Cambridge, Wisconsin, June 25.

LIFE MANAGERS OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—Several of our brethren have, during the past year, availed themselves of that provision of the constitution of the Missionary Society which constitutes a person a life-manager upon the payment of one hundred and fifty dollars. We have before us an interesting letter from Bro. D. H. Mansfield, now or late of Bangor, Maine, the purport of which follows:—

Bro. John Ham and wife have just paid one hundred and fifty dollars to make John Ham life manager of the General Missionary Society, as per forthcoming report of treasurer of the East Maine Conference Missionary Society. He requests me to state that he desires it to be appropriated to the extension of the Liberia mission into the interior of Africa.

Bro. Ham is an old man—the oldest Methodist in this city—has done much for the cause of missions and of Methodism.

INDIA.—MISSIONS.—DESTITUTION.—Such was the title of a very interesting article which the Editor reprinted in the Christian Advocate and Journal, of July 24th, with a few editorial remarks. We allude to it now to ask our missionary readers to re-peruse it, and see how loudly the state of India calls on the Methodist Episcopal Church to take some part in the evangelization of India. We have repeatedly said, the Board of Managers at New-York do earnestly desire to enter this field, but the church has

not yet declared in favor of the measure by her enlarged contributions. We will hope for this declaration this year. Friends of Jesus and his kingdom in the earth, let us arise, and go up to the battle for the Lord!

THE GERMAN AND CHINA CHURCHES.—We must again earnestly request all who have received contributions for the building of these churches, to forward the moneys to the treasurers, Rev. George Lane, New York, and Rev. L. Swormstedt, Cincinnati. We are satisfied that many contributions have been made which have not been returned. And when such contributions have been made in conjunction with anniversary meetings, the treasurers of such meetings ought, in forwarding the monies, to say what amount is for building each of the churches.

TOUR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Morals of the Southwestern cities—First settlers—Respect for Religion—No Universalism—Manners, their occasions and punishments—Arms—Political excitement—Vote-buying—Buckwheat—Shock Jones and the Bushwhacking Governor—Political agitation and Manufactures—Slave Labor and Yankee Labor—Competition useless.

Having spoken so favorably of the churches of Mobile, it might be supposed this city has entirely retrieved its character for morals. The cities of the Southwest have deservedly been classed among the vilest places in our country; but the last ten years have vastly improved their character. They, who first settled the older cities were foreigners, of no enviable reputation, while the adventurers from the older States, who supplanted them, and distracted the vast canyons into huge plantations, were little superior in morals. The face of society, however, throughout this comparatively new country has greatly changed, and is still improving. In almost every community may be found a large class of gentlemen and ladies of the purest morals and cultivated intellects, who would adorn any circle.

That there is general respect for religion by nearly all persons, is at once evident. All frankly acknowledge their hopelessness while unadorned in the family of Christians, and do not attempt to vindicate their course, or seek shelter beneath the dangerous covers of some pleasing, but unfounded idea. This is seen in the fact that Universalism finds little sympathy, and scarcely an abettor. They who sin appear to make a regular business of sinning, with the acknowledged understanding of its consequences.

Excessive drinking and gambling, are accompanied by every conceivable vice and vicious amusement. We are not then astonished to learn that murder and assassination are frequent. A gentleman informed me that, during the year he had resided in Mobile, no less than 25 murders had been perpetrated! During the two months I spent there, murders were committed at the rate of nearly one a week. These usually occur in some drunken fracas, or are provoked by angry dispute; a sense of wounded honor, or revenge for invasion of domestic peace and happiness. The white murderers, I am informed, by what I consider good authority, are never hung, but are usually acquitted, or only sentenced to imprisonment and a light fine, which their friends generally succeed with the governor in having annulled. It is a fact, probably well known, that most persons in the Southwest wear arms, and are ready for attack or defence as may be desired at an instant's notice. For this reason, many disputes and quarrels which, in the North would result only in loud talk, and perhaps a few bruises, at the South terminate in the death of one or both of the parties. Gentlemen of honor (!) are exceedingly sensitive, and admit no thrusts at character, which are not repaid with a dirk, bowie knife, or revolver. There is not, however, the least need of wearing arms there more than in New England. If a gentleman will be careful of his expressions, and avoid all mob-like or rowdy assemblages, he may go where he will in safety.

About the time of my arrival in Mobile, political excitement had reached boiling heat. The question was Union or Secession, and probably in no place did a merely political election for local, or any other officers, ever produce such extravagant agitation. Even the honorable candidates for mayor, came to blows on account of some words in a liquor house! The Union candidate, Mr. Langdon, it may be remembered was elected by a majority of about eleven votes. This was considered the test vote for Alabama. Mr. L. is editor of the Mobile Advertiser, and a native of Connecticut.

Vote-buying and election betting are every day occurrences. The electioneering system at the South is most disgraceful to a Republican people. He who can treat to the best wines and brandies, or who will pay the highest prices for votes, is the successful candidate. Many of the foreign population may be bought up, in the streets, till the latest hour of election by the highest bidder.

There is a system of electioneering practised in the northern sections of Alabama, Georgia, &c., called *bushwhacking*. In this experiment for becoming great men in Congress or elsewhere, the candidate visits the various rural districts, and at once becomes all things to all men, and all women. He rolls logs with log rollers, lays "rock fence," trots the babies and rocks the cradle, prays with one family, and fiddles for the younger members of another. In fine, he has a hand in every thing going on, and admires and praises everything, baby, wife, hog or negro, possessed by his "very dear friend." He promises, if elected, (and he is sure he shall be elected,) an entire political revolution in whatever affects his constituents injuriously, and assures them his election is essential to the prosperity of the country. I will relate an incident of Gov. ——— in his electioneering tour through his State. The Governor was a very grave, ministerial looking gentleman, and would, with a little fancy, be mistaken for a Presbyterian clergyman. The notable "Shock" Jones, stopping at a country hotel, was with the landlord and others, at a game of cards, when the governor approached the house. The landlord inquired who the gentleman was, whereupon "Shock" designing as usual some sport, assured him it was "Mr. ———," a Presbyterian clergyman. This was a signal for sweeping off the cards and putting everything in respectable order: for the old landlord had great outward respect for religion and religious persons. The governor entered and Shock introduced him as Rev. Mr. ———.

Our host received him very cordially, and with the remark that Mrs. ———, his lady was a member of the Presbyterian church, and would gladly converse with him on religious subjects; as for himself, he had never particularly turned his attention that way. Thus the political electioneer was left to spend an hour with the good church member. At a suitable hour the Bible and hymn book were laid on a stand beside the clerical brother, with an invitation for the land-

lord to read and sing. This concluded, the family knelt, and with their candidate minister. A long pause ensued, during which strange, anxious glances, and peeping through fingers was the only devotion. At length the silence was broken by a request from the landlord that Rev. Mr. ——— lead in prayer. I never pray in public, was the reply. What! exclaimed the astonished host, never pray! Well, well, continued he, discovering the trick played on him, get up, get up, and we will go into the bar-room and finish with a good round glass! Thus Shock's clergyman turned into an accommodated "Bushwhacker."

The late political agitation at the South will, doubtless, result favorably to the manufacturing interests of these States. They have fully awakened to the necessity of helping themselves, before they undertake separate government, and non-intercourse. I think I venture nothing in the assertion that, all the manufacturers in the South cannot supply even a small village with the various necessary appliances of comfort. Almost everything upon which your eyes rest, is carried from the North. The spirit of enterprise is aroused in all sections of the country, and they are beginning to think that they, or rather Yankees in their employ, can manufacture as well South as North. There is one circumstance which must ever ruin their hope of self dependence. Slave labor is unproductive where skill and the use of machinery are requisite; and white laborers will not degrade themselves to the condition of slaves, at the ordinary remunerative prices of labor in the South. They may try the experiment but will soon be desirous to return to the manufacturing of the North. The attempt is made in some of the factories for the manufacture of very coarse cottons, to introduce slave labor, and in some instances it answers tolerably well, but for finer work it is totally incompetent.

The South, whose entire attention has been directed to the raising of cotton, sugar, and rice, and who must have every thing to make a little from, will ever find themselves entirely unable to compete with the wonderful versatility of Yankee genius and enterprise, which produces every thing from nothing. Whatever is done, in North or South, Yankees must do!

H. BAYLIES.

COUNTRY RAMBLES.

Leaving Boston at 7-1-4, A. M., by the "Express Train," we get to Burlington, Vt., via Fitchburg and Rutland, by 4 P. M., without stopping at Bellows Falls to dine; the eyes are well feasted, if the stomach is not, during this ride in June, all for \$6.00. On our way we notice Monadnock, Mt. Kimball, and "Canaan's Hump." Burlington lies on the lake; the ground rises eastward, so that the university stands on an eminence 280 feet above the lake; and as Prof. Benedict kindly showed us the way to the top of it, we beheld, 20 miles eastward, the long range of Green Mountains, the highest summit of which is "Mansfield" and on the westward, the view was still more extensive. In a clear day, we were told we could, at a glance, see up and down Champlain and into Canada, 100 miles; and across the water, in York State, the "Adirondacks" throw up their lofty heads, to fill up the grand picture. The highest peak of the latter is Mount "Marcy," and the second highest in the United States, before "annexation." We shall remember the courtesies of the Professor to us, strangers, much longer than he will. We understood the institution to be under the care of Doct. Smith, from St. Albans, and the students to number about 110.

From this we passed southward, per steamer United States, to Ticonderoga for \$1.25—viewed the old Fort, and heard its history, from the mouth of that venerable old revolutionary soldier, Isaac Rice, who *will* deserves a fee, for his modest attention to visitors.

Ticonderoga Fort was built by the French; we saw the place, a little northwest of it, where they made a breastwork of felled trees, and slaughtered near a thousand English, who were approaching the Fort, in the then French war. But it would seem there could have been but one fair way to take the fort. On the southwest, is "Mount Defiance," from the top of which cannon can be discharged into the fort, and successfully subdue it. It has now fallen into ruins; the four walls of one building, and one side of another, partly standing, and only one under ground room are all that remains beside the walls of that stupendous work. We had crossed the Lake, where Ethan Allen did; saw the place where he entered, by stratagem, with his 83 men, and stood on the spot, as we were told, where he held the famous dialogue with the British commander. It is said he took 30 field pieces from the fort; but when the British went up "Defiance" to dislodge him, as the French did there years before, he did not wait to receive their fire, but took himself away, and his booty.

We understand that the Pells, of New York, bought the grounds near by, of Government, and built the "Pavilion House" here, and beautified the place with trees; but that the sad death of one of the sons prevented their coming here so much as was at first expected. We notice the acacia hedge around the lot grows to a large tree.

RAMBLER.

METHODIST MONUMENT.

Bro. STEVENS:—In the Herald of July 9th. is a report of a committee on "the subject of erecting a substantial monument, commemorative of the introduction of our glorious Methodism into New England." This report, as we are informed, "was unanimously adopted in Preachers' Meeting." Not doubting, in the least, the pious motives of these brethren, and with all due deference to those who are our superiors in every sense, we wish to offer a few remarks.

We doubt altogether the propriety of the movement; and we have heard but one opinion expressed by our preachers in this section. We trust we are not destitute of reverence for our Fathers, or of love for "our glorious Methodism." If we understand the spirit and genius of Methodism, it is our appropriate work to erect spiritual monuments along these shores that shall be held in everlasting remembrance. The committee suggest the payment of ten cents from each member in New England. We have about 80,000 members, and ten cents from each would give \$8,000. This sum would support 20 ministers in destitute portions of our work, one year, at a salary of \$400; or purchase 32,000 Bibles, or 128,000 New Testaments, to supply those who are destitute of the bread of life. How many monuments might those 20 ministers erect along our shores to dispel the darkness of error's night, and lead voyagers on this troubled sea of life to the haven of eternal rest! Or those New Testaments, as 128,000 angels of mercy flying through the length and breadth of our land,

having the everlasting Gospel to preach to those who dwell in the shadow of death! Or, are there not eight little boys, now in ignorance and degradation, who might be educated with these \$8,000, and sent forth as ministers of the New Testament, to shout to the hosts who are led captive by the Prince of the power of the air, "Behold your Redeemer cometh!" Or sixteen ignorant, motherless little girls, who might receive an education from these \$8,000, who would go forth as teachers and missionaries to bring souls to God, which would make JESSE LEE shout aloud before the throne! Those little boys and girls thus redeemed and saved, and engaged in the service of their Master, would be monuments indeed, such as you, my dear brother, and all the good brethren in New England, would rejoice over on earth, and ultimately see standing before God, as the eternal monuments of his mercy and of the redemption on Calvary. Monuments to Jesse Lee! He has monuments from the St. Croix to Mason's and Dixon's line far more durable than "the everlasting granite, pointing heavenward," spoken of by your committee! And he has monuments on the sea of glass mingled with fire, all radiant and glorious with heavenly light! May the brethren of the "Preachers' Meeting" bring out from the great quarry of depravity many living, active forms, that in time and in eternity shall join in the song, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" and thereby walk in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor—JESSE LEE.

E. A. HELMHOLSTEN.

Oldtown, Me., Aug., 1851.

METHODISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

Bro. STEVENS:—As it is proposed to erect a monument to commemorate the introduction of Methodism into the land of the Puritans, it may be proper to show, in part, what has been done in this portion of our work, since Jesse Lee opened his commission in the streets of Norwalk, Conn., on the 17th June, 1789, from John 3: 7; "Ye must be born again."

From the General Minutes for 1850, and the Minutes of the New England and Providence Conferences for 1851, we gather, in part, the following statistics. There are in the

Providence Con.	14,212 members and 118 preachers.
New England	" 13,704 " " 132 "
Maine	" 11,099 " " 99 "
East Maine	" 10,082 " " 79 "
N. Hampshire	" 9,203 " " 96 "
Vermont	" 7,907 " " 79 "
	66,207 599

Of these 599 preachers, upwards of one sixth (109) are supernumeraries, while the twenty Conferences of the Church South, with 1582 preachers, had but 118 supernumeraries. Why this alarming destruction of health and efficiency among our New England preachers, as compared with those of the South, and especially, as the latter section is the least healthy of the two? I will venture to suggest,—It is occasioned, in part, at least, by severe study, and the mental anxieties arising from the want of adequate support, and the other difficulties and embarrassments of their peculiar position, and the want of that healthful bodily exercise once enjoyed by their predecessors, in the long and frequent rides of the old circuit system, now no more among us, while adequate substitutes have not yet been adopted. We have long observed that many of our people are most criminally reckless in taking no pains whatever to save their preachers from those crushing mental anxieties, which help to break down many of them in the midst of their days and of their usefulness, and which seem to me to early graves; yea, some of them seem to take most industrious pains to multiply those anxieties. We think that the great day will disclose some of the facts on this point.

In some portions of New England there has been a great decrease, of late years. In 1843, in the two

Maine Con., then united, there were	27,400
In 1850, in the two Con.,	21,181
Showing a decrease of	5,219
In 1843, in the New Hampshire and Vermont Con., then united, were	25,717
In 1850, in the two Con.,	17,110
Showing a decrease of	8,607

A loss in New England, in seven years, of 13,826. Are these four Conferences actually stronger, and in a more prosperous condition, for this loss in their membership, which is a possible thing, and which was the case with Gideon's army, in the reduction of its members, or does it show a loss of primitive zeal and efficiency? The brethren in these Conferences can best answer this question. If the latter, it should most certainly call for "great searchings of heart" among them, and for a return "to the old paths."

From the above, it will be seen, that the Providence is the largest of the N. E. Conferences, and it also seems to be in the most prosperous condition. In 1841, it had a membership of 10,560, showing an increase, in the meantime of 3652. The New England Conference, at the same period, had a membership of 12,082, showing an increase, in the meantime of 1622. Besides this membership in the six New England Conferences, the New York Conference has within

the boards of the N. E. States, The East N. York Conference, The Troy Conference,	1,492 members, 9,371 "
In the six N. E. Conferences,	16,753 members, 66,207 "
Total in New England,	84,952

One particular I have taken pains to ascertain, which I have never before seen exhibited.

We have in Connecticut,	15,066 members.
In Rhode Island,	2,386 "
In Massachusetts,	22,802 "
In New Hampshire,	9,911 "
In Vermont,	14,516 "
In Maine,	21,181 "
Errors excepted.	

The proportion of Methodists to the population of each of the New England States, without regarding fractions, is, therefore, as follows:—

Vermont,	1 to 21
Maine,	" 22
Connecticut,	" 24
New Hampshire,	" 35
Massachusetts,	" 43
Rhode Island,	" 61

Presuming that each member of society carries with him, at least, three or four adherents, members of his family, friends and others, the Methodist population of New England will amount to nearly 400,000 souls; about equal to the entire population of the State of Connecticut. From the above it will be seen, that Vermont is the banner State for Methodism, it having the largest number of members in proportion to its population. One reason of this, is that it is the newest of the N. E. States, and hence, like the

Western States, was less occupied by others, when the Methodists entered it; while Rhode Island has the least number in proportion to its population. Indeed, the Methodists in Rhode Island are mostly confined to the city of Providence and the eastern portion of the State. There are some towns in the interior, and in the western parts, in which scarcely a Methodist is to be found, while in others the membership is very small indeed. One reason of this, is that the ground has been fully pre-occupied, especially by the Baptist sects.

On the other hand, the Cape—the glorious Old Cape, which is as prolific of zealous Methodists as of hardy mariners, with a population of only about 34,000 souls, has a membership of 2,240, and their influence is powerfully felt in all her social, educational, and commercial, as well as moral and religious interests. You may travel from one end of the Cape to the other, and neither see a grogshop or a drunkard, or hear an oath; while churches and school houses and local academies, and those well filled, may everywhere be found. With the exception of Sandwich, the first town on the Cape, in which the Methodists are numerous, they are few and increase, as you go down, till when you reach Provincetown, you find a membership of upwards of 600, with the largest house of worship in the county. The islands, also, exhibit a similar state of things, having a membership of 944, 504 of which falls to the share of the Vineyard, which, in proportion to population, even beats the Cape itself.

Our educational interests in New England are principally represented by one university, one female collegiate institute, one theological school, and eight academies, all of which, I believe, are in a flourishing condition. To God be all the glory. S. W. COGGESHALL.

Thompsonville, Ct., July 24.

HOLINESS—ITS EFFECTS.

God has so constituted man, that he possesses a three-fold nature, viz: physical, intellectual and moral. The Gospel system, or economy of grace, is all, that it reaches and operates upon them all, till, if there is no opposition by the creature, the whole becomes leavened or redeemed from the dominion and power of sin. We have already expressed a few thoughts in relation to the effect of holiness, as exhibited in the conscious nothingness of the creature and the all of the Creator. To show how this blessed state of things is to be effected, it would be as well perhaps, to begin with some particulars respecting it.

First. Our understanding. In proportion to our knowledge and understanding of the laws and effect of grace, will, no doubt, be our attainments, taking it for granted that we are sincere, and seeking after God with all our heart. This faculty of the mind needs close and constant attention, and should be regulated and trained under the teachings of the Word and Spirit of God. It will be utterly impossible to "draw nigh to God" in the exercise of a perfect faith, until, with our understanding, we perceive Christ in all his offices as the "end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." When this point is attained, faith may stretch out her hand and take to herself the promises, and find, that in very deed, they are all yea and amen.

My Christian reader, permit the question to be asked, How do we understand this matter? Are our perceptions of holiness, or "perfect love," clear and Scriptural? Are we holding on whereunto we have attained, "not laying again the foundation for repentance?" If these interrogations can be answered in the affirmative, the heaven of grace is now effecting its blessed work in every part of our being. In order, therefore, to accelerate this state of things, our will is another important faculty, or item of our being, which needs attention. Here is a grand citadel, which often holds out the longest and hardest against every weapon except that of indomitable courage and faith. When conquered, it becomes the most blessed participant in all the victories of grace.

As we pass along with our subject we would continue our inquiries, and here ask, Is our will subjugated, conquered, refined and prepared to adorn the temple of grace? If so, we may bathe in a sea of unsullied pleasure, and find all its waves both cleansing and refreshing to our souls. The Lord grant it may be even so. B. S.

TEMPERANCE IN MAINE.

"The new Liquor Law in Maine," has become quite a topic of conversation and newspaper gossip in other States; and it is a very important one to the truthfully represented—in part in view of our own condition as a people, and also in view of the influence it must have upon the subject of temperance legislation in other States of the Union.

The constitutional rights of States to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks altogether, having been settled, and the State of Maine having made such a law, it is due the world to know the truth as it respects its results.

We say, then to our friends abroad that the "Liquor Law in Maine" is sustained by an overwhelming majority of the people. And it is a surprising and a gratifying fact, that many of our cities and large towns have already nearly stopped the traffic, and drunkards are becoming strangers in our streets. True, the work is not finished—far from it; but an important step is taken, solemn responsibilities are assumed, and a glorious victory is gained. And what is remarkable, there has been but a feeble resistance to the enforcement of the law. The hand of God is seen in this great movement—especially in the time, the peculiar time in which the law was enacted.

There is a certain class of politicians in our State who are great sticklers for implicit obedience to the law of the land. Law must be obeyed or there can be no order—just when the public mind had fully canvassed the subject of the "higher law" and human law, down come the liquor law upon us, and it appeared so righteous in its character, that these great friends of the law were taken in their own net. Many, for the first time in their lives, gave a hearty approval of the measure, while the rest were struck dumb with astonishment.

On the Penobscot, there is scarce a "dog to lift his tongue," while the officers of the law quietly enforce its claims.

It is probably true that some voted for the passage of the law supposing it would break down under its own might—in this they were mistaken. Others, it is said, voted for its passage for the sake of throwing the responsibility upon our worthy Governor, supposing that he would, like his predecessor, veto the bill. In this, too, they were mistaken.

We are all surprised at the popularity of the law—more especially, however, at its results thus far. We are fully aware of the efforts made by the *Boston liquor merchants* to give a different impression abroad—their information agents are now in our State and in this vicinity, conferring with their allies—making themselves fully acquainted with our people, and their feelings in reference to the subject.

A desperate struggle awaits us—if wealth and intrigue can break down this noble measure, it will fall. What then is the duty of its friends? There is no time for idle speculations—it is a time to work, as we have never worked before. I would suggest that the friends of this law should gather up facts respecting its operations in different parts of the State, and spread them before the public.

Providence permitting, Bangor shall truthfully be reported very soon. And we may adventure to say now, that the "New Liquor Law of Maine" is fully triumphant in the city of Bangor, that great rum market of "Down East." More anon.

H. C. TILTON.

P. S. I heard a Boston man say a few days since, that not a minister in Boston dared to denounce the Liquor Traffic in his pulpit—is it true?

It is not true. We have heard ministers again and again denounce the Liquor Traffic. We have done it ourselves, and we love to do it. No, no; has Massachusetts, she is not dumb yet.

FROM THE CONGRESSIONALIST.

REV. BOMBASTES MAGNIFIQUENT, D. D.

MR. EDITOR:—Although your paper has a little of everything, I have never seen any notice of our minister, who is one of the greatest men of this or any other age. I may be partial, yet I feel quite confident that if you should hear him once, you would say that his sermon was the production of no ordinary man. You would add a new and striking attraction to your columns if you should send an able reporter to our church, to take down the words of our preacher as they proceed from his eloquent lips, and then print them.

We have begun to be afraid that he will be spoiled by the fondness with which he is treated by all the people, especially the ladies. I am averse to this, as I think it hurts him; ministers are but men, and no man can be run after and praised to his face, and be told what dear delightful sermons he does preach, and all that sort of thing, without being made vain by it. But he is a great preacher. It will gratify you, if I should give you some account of his preaching.

He is very particular about the text from which he preaches. There are portions of the Bible which have been so often preached upon, that he thinks they are worn out, and he wisely leaves them to new beginners and common-place speakers, while he selects his subjects from those passages that are rarely, if ever, introduced into the pulpit; and when he gives out his text, nobody can tell what he is going to preach about, but we all know that it will be something great. A few Sabbaths ago he gave out his text, Jeremiah 8: 16: "The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan." Few could imagine that from such words he could make a sermon; but he did, and a tremendous sermon, too. He described in his introduction the power and majesty of the war-horse, his neck clothed with thunder, and his nostrils breathing fire. And then he inferred the glory of the hero and conqueror, the noise of whose horses is heard over the land as he dashes onward in the greatness of his strength. I can give you no idea of the eloquence with which he described the battle-scene, the chariots and the horses, and garments rolled in blood, and the music and the roar of artillery, and the groans of the dying blending with shouts of victory. Some parts of the sermon would have made a splendid 4th of July oration, but it was only one of his every day sermons. It comes as easy for him to deliver such eloquent discourses, as it does for others to be tame and stupid. The other day he preached from Ps. 93: 4: "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

He commenced his sermon by describing the sun and the moon, and so came down to his subject by way of the stars and Niagara Falls. What could be more natural? And his description of the Falls was quite as good as a sight of them. Indeed, Mrs. Simpkins, who visited Niagara last summer, said, on the way home from church, she had no idea they was so grand till she heard the Doctor's sermon—she should go again next summer.

There is one habit of our preacher in his delivery, that is worth mentioning. He always speaks with the most power when he is saying that which is of the least importance. I spoke to him about this practice one day, and he said it was Scriptural, as it was bestowing the more abundant honor on the parts that lack. The effect of it seems to be this, that it makes the people think him very eloquent when he is not saying much.

It is said by some old-fashioned people of our church, that if the Doctor would study the Scriptures more, and expound the doctrines of the Gospel, and apply them in his discourses, he would be more useful. They say that he does not preach the doctrine, but is always soaring up in the clouds, away out of sight, and certainly beyond the comprehension of the most of his hearers. I am inclined to believe that it would be more to edification, if he would come down to the understanding, and home to the conscience. But it is not for the like of me to sit in judgment on such a great man as Dr. Magnificent. Do come up here in the summer and hear him. I think you could spend a very pleasant Sabbath in these parts, and if you are not afraid to preach after hearing the doctor, perhaps you will give us a sermon in the afternoon. Do come. Yours, truly, SIMON REEVES.

CONSOLING IDEA OF DEATH.

"I congratulate you and myself," wrote John Foster to a friend, "that life is passing fast away. What a superlatively grand and consoling idea is that of Death! Without this radiant idea, this delightful morning star, indicating that the luminary of eternity is going to rise, life would to my view darken into living hell, melancholy. O! the expectation of living here, and living thus, always, would be indeed a prospect of overwhelming gloom. But thanks to that decree that dooms us to die—thanks to that Gospel which opens the vision of an endless life, and thanks, above all, to that Saviour friend who has promised to conduct all the faithful through the sacred trance of death into scenes of everlasting delight."

Everybody condemns scandal, yet nothing circulates more readily—even gold itself is less current.

THE CLERGY OF MEXICO.—A pamphlet published in Mexico, states that the income of the clergy of that country, amounts to \$20,000,000 per annum. The clergy are also in possession of landed property representing an enormous capital. The revenues of the General Government itself are stated not to exceed \$8,000,000.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE OAK.

There's a brave old oak by the garden wall,
A forest king, I ween;
And its branching shadows thickly fall
O'er the birches' leafy screen.
For it towers high to the azure sky,
Till the wide spread tree, but seemeth to be
A sapling by its side.

Years, years ago, ere the underwood
That covers the upland now,
Had sprung from the earth that old oak stood
On the hillside's remotest brow.
And long ere the white man found a place
In the quiet sunny glade,
Did the Indian chief from the tireless chase
Repose in its grateful shade.

I watched the birds in the sweet spring time
As they built 'mid the infant leaves,
But the foliage thick in its summer prime
A bowing impenetrable screen.
Yet the squirrel skips o'er the trunk's dark rid
And gambols in safety, where
His chosen retreat no eye can find,
His home and his food are there.

'Tis an hour since the day's clear orb of light
Was hid by the mountains west,
But its brilliance lingereth pure and bright
On the old oak's waving crest;
The blackbirds sing in the deepening shade,
And the thrush is whistling near,
And echoing far through the silent glade
The bugle's note we hear.

I watch till the night dawns dimly come,
Till the night winds softly sigh,
Till the pallid stars through the twilight gloom
Wax clear and bright on high,
Till the stars shine out on the dark oak boughs,
And the giant tree is bright
With the sparkling gems that the fire-fly throws
O'er the darkened bow of night.

The hale old oak heeds not the roar
Of the angry tempest's blast,
But it proudly stands as it stood of yore
While the storm winds hurly blast.
O, dim are the eyes, and closed in death
That gazed on its youthful prime,
Yet it stands still, on the wooded hill
As it stood in the olden time.

HARMONY.

For the Herald and Journal.

LIFE.

BY AMANDA WESTON.

There are green isles in the desert,
Where the date and palm-tree grow,
And the weary traveler seeks
Nesth their shade sweet waters flow.
For a little time he pauses,
Cheered by nature's sunny smile,
Winning new strength from the beauty
Of the lonely desert isle.

The clear waters of the fountain
To his brow their cooling tend,
The sweet flowers on its margin
Greet with smiles a stranger friend.
Leafy branches wave above him,
Fragrant zephyrs round him play;
And he speeds, refreshed and gladdened,
On his long and toilsome way.

So on life's long journey pause we
Of, in pain and weariness,
To refresh our fainting spirits
On some shaded oasis;
Some green island of the desert,
In our pathway smiling fair,
Telling that our Father watches
O'er his children everywhere.

Brief must be our rest—scarce longer
Than the pilgrim's in the wild;
But we bear the beauty with us,
That upon our hearts has smiled.
And with lighter footsteps onward
Pass we through the shades that blend
With the sunlight of the pathway,
Leading to our journey's end.

Duxbury, 1851.

LADIES.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE MOVE.

OR, LEAVES FROM THE DAY-BOOK OF AN ITINERANT'S WIFE.

Can it be that three weeks have passed away
Since I sat in the pleasant parlor, whose windows
look upon the waters of the Sheepscot,
wiping away the tears, which in spite of all my
effort would gather thick and fast? Many times
had I gazed upon the landscape spread out before
me in so much beauty. The broad river dotted
with islands—the fine bridge, the hills, the neat
farm-houses, green fields, waving trees, old
fort, all were familiar. How often while I
looked upon them had my heart been filled with
gratitude to God, for his goodness in making
such a beautiful world for poor, sinful mortals to
dwell upon. Then why did the tears flow so
rapidly? Ah, we must leave. Conference had
met—adjourned, and we with many others were
to move. The last article of furniture was
packed, and I an invalid, just able to leave my
bed, was sitting where I had spent so many
happy hours, perhaps for the last time. I had
just said good bye to the kind widow and family
who lived next door. Far away from the home
of my childhood, she had been to me a mother,
her sons and daughters like brothers and sisters.
Friends and neighbors on every side had been
so very, very kind. Should we find such sym-
pathy among strangers?

The good angel by my side, though unseen,
whispered, (as he always had when we were
about to move) "You will ever meet with kind-
ness while you seek to follow the Lord, and put
your trust in him." "Then dry those tears,
you will meet these friends again—if not in this
in a brighter, purer world." So I listened to his
teachings, and offering an ardent prayer to
Heaven for strength to perform all my duties
faithfully, arose with a cheerful, trusting heart,
left the old house, pretty village, loving friends,
to find a home some 80 miles away, on the
waters of the Penobscot.

The small steamer which was to convey us
away, after several hours' delay on account of the
fog, reached the wharf. Soon all were on board,
horses, cow, goods and all; away we went down
the river. After a pleasant sail of 12 miles we
called to take more passengers. Our company
was now quite large, as well as agreeable. There
was our beloved Presiding Elder, with thought-
ful brow, an index of his mind, who needs but to
be known to be loved. May he be spared many
years to bless the church. Also, Bro. C., who
has for many years borne the toils and cares of
the itinerant, yet he looked as calm and happy
as though this had been his first appointment.
Their families, our own family, three ladies who
accompanied us to return in the steamer, one or
two gentlemen, making in all nearly thirty. On,
on we went, till night drew her sable curtain
around bay and island, when we stopped for the
morning light, as our pilot was too blind to
guide us through the darkness. Soon at the
morning dawned we were on our way, expecting
to reach our destination as early as 9 o'clock,
but our expectations were not realized. When
we supposed we were almost in sight of our fu-
ture home, it was ascertained the boat was about
five miles out of her way. All that could be
done was to return. Once more we were on our

way, when wood failed. In attempting to reach
a wharf to obtain some, the steamer was driven
on the rocks. Alas, how many blind pilots there
are in the world, pretending to know and lead
the right way, until their victims are wrecked
and lost forever. Fortunately for us, we were
close in shore, where there was little danger of
being lost. After several fruitless attempts to
get off the rocks, it was decided that we must go
on shore and wait until evening, when it was
hoped high water would take off the steamer
without injury. We had just descended from the
boat and seated ourselves on the shore, when a
little boat came to land near us, which was
engaged to take part of our company where we
wished to land. We had sailed but a short dis-
tance when the village we so much desired to see
was in full view before us. How inviting it
looked! Our goods were left behind, so we
could not go directly to the parsonage, as we an-
ticipated; but we were not left to look out a
place of rest for ourselves. One of those good
stewards some one has recently described in the
excellent Herald, stood on the shore as we ap-
proached. He did not stand on the bank while
we were landing, but came down to the water,
helped us out of the boat, shook us kindly by
the hand, and invited us to his home. The Lord
bless such stewards. The weary itinerant and
his family will never forget to pray for his bless-
ing rich and rare to rest on him and his. About
sunset the boat was hauled off the rocks; those
of the company who had waited again embarked;
they did not start, however, until the captain
had obtained another and a safer pilot. Our
goods were landed and soon housed in the par-
sonage, while the boat went up the river to land
the remainder of the passengers. After spend-
ing the night with the pleasant family that had
welcomed us so cordially we came to our home,
where we found busy hands arranging things for
our reception. About one in the afternoon the
boat called at the wharf, when we took leave of
the dear sisters who had accompanied us, with
some fear lest they might meet with difficulty on
their way back. A kind Providence watched
over them, and the boat returned in safety.

July 20.—We are now comfortably settled in
our new home. We find it pleasant and con-
venient. We can look out on the river, the fields,
trees and flowers. We are commencing another
Conference year under circumstances of much
mercy. What record these leaves will bear
when a year shall have passed away, with its
joys, sorrows, and trials, is known only to Him
who knoweth all things. O may they tell of
our advancement in holiness, of the progress of
all God's professed children in this place; may
they record the wanderer's return, the sinner's
happy conversion. May they speak of the rich
manifestations of God's grace to all his servants
composing the Conference; may those who have
entered upon their new fields of labor with
cheerful trust in him who said, "Lo, I am with
you always," have their hopes more than realized
in having many precious souls given them as
seeds of their ministry. If any have gone out
murmuring, ere the year shall close may they
see the hand of Providence so plainly in their
appointment that they may never again have it
in their hearts to condemn or speak lightly of
the self-sacrificing plan, which in the hands of
God has been instrumental in snatching thou-
sands of immortal spirits from the brink of en-
dless ruin, and pointing out the way to peace,
to happiness and heaven. Should they tell, as they
have in years past, of the departure of loved ones
to the spirit world, may they also tell of resigna-
tion to the divine will, and a meeting through
grace, to dwell with "the just made perfect"
around the throne of God.

YOUTH.

For the Herald and Journal.

SKETCH OF GEORGE INGRAHAM.

Died in April last, at America, N. Y., George
Ingraham, aged 20 years. As we note the pas-
sage of this precious youth to the spirit land,
we would that words of ours could utter the sor-
row that we feel. Slowly but surely had he
won his way to a thousand hearts, as floods of
tears did most eloquently testify upon his burial
day. In his death, the church has lost a bright
ornament, and religion an earnest exemplifier.
As a seeker after truth, a lover of all things beau-
tiful and good, as displayed in nature and art, his
rapid progress gave token that he had often
wandered in these fair fields and reaped an abun-
dant harvest. His heart was ever prompting to
deeds of goodness. Humanity uttered its deep
groan, and he heard it—and from the dark night
of bondage, spiritual and mental, he sought the
deliverance of his race. His influence was ever
on the side of progress—ever for the right. That
fearful halting between two opinions, that mars
so many otherwise noble characters, had never
laid its palsying hand on him. To know what
God and duty demanded was enough; where
they led he was ready to follow. But that life
so full of promise has closed. That sun so
bright has set. The writer of this brief tribute
feels warranted in saying that equals he had
few and superiors none. So many, so open and
honest, so intelligent, generous, and pure.

The closing up of his life was a scene that
might make sinners weep and saints rejoice.
His last words, uttered just as he was passing
the line that divides the invisible from the pres-
ent, and as a glorious heaven with its glittering
crowns and radiant thrones appeared in view,
were these: "I am almost there." Farewell,
precious youth, ere this thou art quite there;
and with thy grandfather and father, whose name
thou didst bear and honor too, thy voice has al-
ready mingled in that endless song of praise to
Him who loved thee, and washed thee in his
blood. Heaven's high bliss is thine; and while
our song is of sadness, thine is of joy—of joy
that shall never have an ending; in which we
hope at last to join thee. L. H. KIRK.

YOUNG MEN, READ THIS!

A day or two since, we learned from a gentle-
man of New-York city, a few facts relative to
Mr. Bullard, who is now exhibiting here his
panorama of New York city, which at the time
they were related very much interested us, and
we have no doubt they will interest all who
have struggled and are struggling with poverty.
Mr. Bullard is a native of the town of Howard,
Steuben Co., N. Y. His father was a farmer,
and young Bullard remained at home and worked
on the farm until he was fourteen years of age,
at which time his father declared he was "too
lazy" to make a farmer. When he ought (as
the father thought) to be at work on the farm,
he was cutting out of shingles, the portraits of
every boy and girl in the neighborhood. The
father not being able to control the bent of the
boy's mind, put him with Augustus A. Olmstead,
Esq., of his native town, to learn the trade of
sign painting. He remained with Mr. Olmstead
seven years, till he became twenty-one years of
age. After completing his trade with Mr. Olm-
stead, he painted some twenty portraits of differ-
ent individuals living in Howard. For painting
these portraits he received some \$25. With this
amount of money he started for N. Y. city.
He had expected to find the National Acad-
emy of Design open on exhibition, and to see the
paintings, and become acquainted with the ar-
tists, and to find, if possible, some one to instruct
him in his favorite art. He arrived there, and
found the exhibition closed, which very much
disappointed him. He roved round the great

city a day or two, and was unable to find any ar-
tist to instruct or encourage him, and his purse
becoming very low, he went to Hartford, Conn.,
in the vicinity of which place he had friends.
He remained in Hartford one year, receiving in-
structions in his art from an artist by the name of Hew-
ens. After leaving Mr. Hewens, he went into the
country from Hartford, and painted portraits,
and realized money enough to pay the debts he
had contracted in Hartford, &c. During the
year he was in Hartford, such was his
extreme poverty that he attended church but six
times, because he had not clothes to wear that
were suitable. After meeting with various re-
verses of fortune, he returned to Howard in 1841,
and was married to Miss Angelina A. Olmstead,
a daughter of the gentleman of whom he had
learned the trade of a sign painter. From 1841
to 1843, he was in various parts of the Union
engaged in painting portraits. From 1843 to
1846, he was a resident of New York city, and
at work at his art, receiving instructions, and
continually improving, till now he is "at least"
a promising artist.

In 1846 he conceived the idea of painting his
great work, the Panorama of New York City,
and did a noble hearted Englishman, George
Doel, who furnished the means to go on with
the painting. Mr. Bullard and from three to
seven men were engaged in this great work
four years; Mr. Doel promptly paid the bills as
they became due—in all \$15,000. The paint-
ing was completed on the first day of November,
1850.

What a lesson here is for every young man.
Is there a young man in our city who has felt
the tears of poverty rolling down his cheeks,
who, when he has been looking down at the
clothes that were decent? So it is in this world,
"God helps those who help themselves." We
say to Mr. Bullard, as the converted
heathen said to one of our missionaries, *go on,
go on, go on.*

Since writing the above, it occurred to us
that we sometime since read the life of Mr.
Bullard, in the American Biographical Sketch
Book of self-made men.—Rochester Daily Herald.

PARENTS.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

There is, in many families, an impression that
the boys soon grow beyond a mother's control
or influence, and that, while it is expected that
the girls should still be obedient to their mother,
the sons, must, at a certain age, be left to the
control of the father. This insensibly imbu-
es the feeling that they are above the mother's
authority. The mother feels that she has
no right to govern in a son, and that it is
not manly to obey his mother. The natural
feeling is just the reverse, and a judicious
mother can retain control over a son as long
as she can over a daughter. Indeed a well edu-
cated son feels a pride in being obedient to his
mother. There is a chivalrous feeling, a sense
of honor, connected with such submission, which
is highly pleasurable to every ingenious mind.
Napoleon, who was one of the keenest observers,
attributed the formation of his character to his
mother's influence. "The man," said he, "is
what his mother makes him. France wants
more mothers."

No one can read the biography of Payson
without seeing the control which a mother's
mind exerted over him, through all his col-
legiate and theological course, and when all
the cares of his arduous profession were crowd-
ing him. The same maternal supremacy which
protected his infancy, guided and curbed the im-
pulsiveness of his childhood, the ardor of his youth,
and the energies of his manhood. For the moth-
er may be, in many things, always the superi-
or of her son, and be capable of being his coun-
sellor and benefactor.

The Memoirs of Wesley, who has perhaps ex-
erted as powerful an influence as any other man
upon the destinies of the world, are filled with
illustrations of this continued influence of a
mother's mind guiding her apostolic son in all
the conflicts of his laborious and glorious car-
eer.

Read the letters of the mother of the late
John Quincy Adams, and you will be at no loss
to account for the invincible moral courage, the
unvarying principle, and the almost superhuman
energy which has shed such a lustre upon his life.
Before her noble mind he was ever proud to bow
in homage. He was always even in the most
exalted manhood, his mother's child, ever
prompt to do her bidding, and ever feeling him-
self honored in honoring her.

Louis Philippe, the late King of France, had
for the instructor, not of his childhood merely,
but of his manhood, the celebrated Madame de
Genlis. When a young man of eighteen, and a
colonel in active service, a word from his revered
instructor was to him as law. He cherished
her memory with the most unbounded affection
and reverence, and often declared that he was
indebted to her for those principles which en-
abled him to resist temptation, and for that
strength of character which had sustained him
under all the vicissitudes of his most eventful
life.

In fact every young man wants to be proud of
his mother. He loves to feel under her control.
He delights in having a mother who is capable
and worthy of guiding him. And she who vir-
tually abandons the government of her boy just
as he is entering on the fiery temptations of im-
pulsiveness, youth, inflicts upon him an irrepara-
ble injury, and is almost unpardonably traitorous
to her sacred trust. Get the entire control of your
child in the earliest period of his infancy. Hold
upon that control by affection, and firmness,
and decision, as years glide along, and your son
will love you, and by his virtues bless you while
you live, and adore your memory when you
sleep in the dust.

And this should be kept in view by every
mother in the education of her daughters. She
is to be trained up to be a wife and mother. If
she has a weak mind and a frivolous education,
and has been prepared merely to shine while in
her teens in the circles of pleasure and ostenta-
tion, and fashion, what will become of her, when
her children gather around her knee, and her

son, growing into vigorous boyhood, with an en-
ergetic mind, is looking to her for intellectual
guidance? He feels ashamed of his mother. He
is mortified at the indications of her inferior-
ity, and is thus often led to feel that a woman
is but a weak animal, who was never intended
to be an intellectual companion for man.

I was recently conversing with a lady in New
York, who had by her side a slender, pale, pen-
sive looking child of thirteen. The lady said
she was anxious to have her child finish her ed-
ucation immediately, and therefore in addition
to her school studies, she had provided for her
out of school, teachers of music, French and
drawing. That child at fifteen will have fin-
ished her education. She then plunges into all
the frivolities of fashionable life. The parents
probably hope that by the time she is seventeen
she may be married. Now what can such a
mother do with a boy? By the time he is seven
years old, he will despise her and refuse to obey
her. Judging of all other mothers by the silly
thing he is forced to call mother, he will feel no
respect for the female sex. Passion will remain.
A life of dissipation, early death, and endless
ruin are almost the inevitable result.

When a young lady is seventeen years of age,
if she enjoys good health, she is just beginning
to have that vigor of mind which enables her to
make intellectual acquisitions. Two or three
years, then devoted energetically to study, will
store her mind with treasures which will be
more valuable to her than mines of gold. She
will be thus able to command a husband's re-
spect and retain his love. Her children will
feel that they have imbedded a mother. Her home
will be one of wisdom and piety. Her moth-
er's accomplished mind and glowing heart will
diffuse their heavenly influence.

An angel might covet the mission which is
assigned to a mother. Your child, who thinks
of finishing her education at sixteen, may soon
have entrusted to her keeping a son, in whose
soul may glow the energies of Milton, or of New-
ton, or of Washington. God did not make her
to play a waltz or dance the polka. She is cre-
ated a little lower than the angels. When the
waning stars expire, she is still to go on career-
ing in immortality, till she reaches that climax
of happiness—in the presence of God. Appreciate
the exaltation of her nature, her duties, and her
destiny. Let her noble intellect, who dwells her
immortality be uncheated. The years
of youth are soon gone. The moments in which
a young lady can attract attention by a few su-
perior accomplishments are as transient as the
morning dew. But there are life-long cares, and
responsibilities which will weigh upon her. And
when she has passed through her threescore
years and ten, and venerable in age, she sits by
the bedside with her children and grand-children
around her, accomplished scholars and honored
statesmen may be among their number, who
shall assemble in her chamber with emotions of
love and reverence.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

BETSEY G. SNOW, wife of Benjamin H.
Snow, daughter of Capt. Zephaniah, and Betsy
G. Nickerson, died in Harwich, Cape Cod, July
24, aged 32. She was converted to God when
about 17 years of age, and by an exemplary life
and godly conversation, has demonstrated the re-
ality of that change. But in consequence of an
feeble health, and distance from the church of
her early choice, she has not been able for some-
time to attend our social meetings which are
so beautifully adapted for growth in grace. This
was to her a source of grief. Yet she held sweet
communion with God her Saviour, and was en-
abled to say, "The Lord has been unto me,
more than all my fears. Praise the name of the
Lord." This was her language to an affectionate
sister a short time before her death. She main-
tained her confidence to the last. And her
sickness, though short, found her ready, and
without a struggle or groan she left the world,
and is doubtless gone to join her sainted moth-
er, who a few years since died in the triumph
of faith. "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be
well with them." This Scripture was verified in
our beloved sister. THOS. HARDMAN.

EUNICE OAKS, wife of Beriah Oaks, after a
lingering and distressing sickness from palsy,
died in Weymouth, July 12, aged 65. Sister Oak
lived with her husband forty-seven years—was
the mother of eight children, seven of whom
she has followed to eternity. Sister Oaks with
her husband in the early part of their lives united
with the M. E. Church, in which church re-
lation she continued faithful till the end of
life, adorning her profession with a well ordered
life and godly conversation. She was very kind
to the poor, and took delight in opening her
doors for public meetings, and in making her
house the pilgrim's home. Many happy souls
on earth, and some now in heaven will forever
bless the Lord for the seasons of revivals that
have taken place in this family. As Sister Oaks
drew near the grave—at first she seemed some-
what unconcerned to leave her dear husband
and friends—but the grace of God was sufficient,
even for this heart-rending trial. She came off
more than conqueror through Jesus Christ. After
having given direction for her funeral, she in
great peace and triumph, left this vale of tears.
GARDNER RICE.

New Salem, Mass., July 28.

CAPT. WM. PERKINS departed this life, in
hopes of a better, at his residence in Holyoke,
Mass., Dec. 29, 1850, aged 60 years, leaving a
beloved family to mourn their irreparable loss.
Bro. Perkins, in the best sense of the term, was
the head of his family, and indeed the head of
a large circle of friends, who looked up to him for
counsel, and for help in time of need; nor did
they look in vain, for his power to help
others in their distresses, he ever met the claims
of friendship with alacrity and delight. He has
long sustained the office of trustee in the society
at Chicopee Falls, and during the severe
trials in the fall of '43, his hands and purse were
ever ready to preserve them from ruin. For more
than a year before his death, he seemed to
enjoy a greater manifestation of the Divine bless-
ing, and though in perfect health, to realize that
his end was near. His death was sudden,
but peaceful, and we trust safe. Peace to his
memory. May we meet him in heaven.
FREEMAN NUTTING.

South Hadley Falls, Aug. 1.

"Jesus died for me."

Were among the last words of our Bro. JOHN
E. CURRICH, who "fell asleep," at the residence
of his father, in Pittsfield, Vt., July 21, aged 30
years and 6 months. In his brief life, Bro. Currich
maintained a reputation unstained and unques-
tioned; in private life, an affectionate deportment,
and in the "private duties of religion, con-
stancy." "He met," says his companion, "his
fate with calm composure, and a firm reliance
upon his Saviour as his only hope of salvation."
And though he left a fond wife and an infant
baby, his only regret was that he had done no
more in the service of his Master.
J. S. LOVELAND.

Charlestown, Aug. 4.

DIED, July 17, 1851, in Centerville, R. I., LU-
CRETIA, consort of Mr. Wm. G. Merrill, aged
75. Sister Merrill was an affectionate wife, a
kind mother, a good neighbor, and a consistent
member of the M. E. Church. Ever since she
was united with the church, some eight years ago,

she has been a devoted Christian, and faithful in
all her duties. Her last sickness was lingering
in the extreme, but she endured it with Chris-
tian fortitude, lamblike patience, and unreserved
submission to God's will. Her sufferings are
now over, and she has entered upon her eternal
rest. WM. H. RICHARDS.

Sister SARAH BALDWIN, wife of Bro. Nahum
Baldwin, died in New Sharon, Me., June 19, aged
56. Sister B. for more than 40 years had been
striving for her heavenly rest; for a long time
she had been the subject of suffering; yet the
relation of a companion, a mother and friend, as
well as the duties involved in those relations were
fulfilled, with a constancy and interest which
showed she did not live alone for herself. The
virtues which should adorn the female character,
were eminently displayed in the life she lived.
How often has the weary itinerant found at her
home a more than welcome. The poor always
found her heart and hands open to supply their
wants. She was possessed of those traits of char-
acter calculated to endear her to all. She was
universally beloved. Her companion, children,
the church and numerous friends, feel that earth
is losing its attractive influences; but what earth
has lost, heaven has gained.
R. H. STITCHFIELD.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

Report of the Visiting Committee of the Biblical
Institute, appointed by the Maine Annual
Conference, and ordered to be published in
Zion's Herald and Christian Advocate and
Journal.
Winthrop, July 12, 1851.

The undersigned Visitors of the Maine Confer-
ence to the Biblical Institute would submit
the following report:—

1. OF THE STUDENTS.

The institution was first opened in April,
1847, with seven students. The number for the
first year was 30. The second year 40, third
year 48, and the present year, up to this date,
54. Since its opening, ninety-seven young men
have been connected with it as students from the
following Conferences: East Maine 5, Maine
10, New Hampshire 12, New England 12, Prov-
idence 10, Vermont 10, Troy 7, Black River 6,
New York East 3, Oneida 7, East Genesee 2,
Genesee 1, New Jersey 3, Philadelphia 2, Balti-
more 1, Erie 2, Ohio 1, Indiana 1, Nova Scoti-
a 1, New Brunswick 1. Six of this number are
graduates of our colleges. The others have gen-
erally completed their preparatory studies at our
Conference Seminaries.

The qualifications required of candidates for
admission are of two kinds, 1st, Moral, 2d, Lit-
erary. As to the first, the constitution con-
templates the reception of none but those who are
deemed by the churches called of God to the
work of the ministry, and the candidate is re-
quired to present a certificate to this effect, either
from a Quarterly or Annual Conference. This
rule is being generally understood, young men
in some instances have failed to present the
required papers. In such cases, the Faculty
have received them as probationers, liable at any
time to be removed, till they have complied with
the rule. As to literary qualifications, it was
resolved by the Board of Trustees at their last
session, that candidates should be well acquaint-
ed with the common and higher branches of an
English education, and also with the Elements
of Greek, leaving the Faculty at liberty to re-
ceive or not in all cases where these acquire-
ments may not have been attained.

3. COURSE OF STUDY.

The course of study is as full on all the great
subjects of sacred learning as the limited period
of three years will permit. The Faculty feel it
to be especially important to give thorough and
uninterrupted attention to the study of the original
Scriptures, that the young men may be prepared
to enter those portions of the missionary field,
where they will be called upon to translate the
Scriptures into the heathen tongues,—a most re-
sponsible work, demanding the highest qualifi-
cations, both of nature, of grace, and of learning.

4. EXPENSES OF STUDENTS.

No charge is made for tuition, use of rooms
and furniture, or library, or use of boarding
house. The principal necessary expenses of
students are for board averaging \$1.25 per week,
and for incidentals 12 1-2 cents per week. Many
of the students are sustaining themselves, by
supplying vacant churches, or teaching during
the winter vacation. A number also are sus-
taining themselves by manual labor a few hours
each day.

5. PROPERTY AND FINANCES.

The property of the institution is encum-
bered by no debt, the buildings and grounds be-
ing a donation by the people of Concord. They
are valued at \$7,000.

The endowment so far as it has proceeded has
been obtained principally through the self-sac-
rificing labors of the senior Professor, Rev. Dr.
Dempster. At present it stands as follows:—

In notes paying interest annually,	\$1,200 00
Donation by Rev. Bishop Hedding,	1,000 00
Investment in New York by bond and mort-	556 00
gage of Dr. Dempster,	600 00
Bank stock in Providence,	3,500 00
N. H. Conference Pledge, paying interest,	6,000 00
N. E. Conference Pledge, paying interest,	6,000 00
Prov. Conference Pledge, paying interest,	33,292 00
Total,	\$1,500 00
Expenditures: 1. For three professors' sala-	\$1,500 00
ries, \$500 each,	
2. Travelling expenses of	90 00
senior professor,	
Whole amount,	1,590 00
Balance of expenses over receipts,	60 00
Total,	1,530 00

It should be remarked that no debt accrues
against the Trustees for professors' salaries, as
the professors voluntarily relinquish their claims,
provided the annual income is not sufficient to
meet them.

6. CONCLUSION.

In conclusion we would render thanks to God
for the large measure of success which attended
the efforts of the friends of this enterprise. Our
young men, to whom the future church must
look to fight her battles under God, have no
further need of resorting to the schools of other
communities for the useful instruction in sacred
learning, or for the training necessary as a pre-
parative for the great Gospel work.
Only a beginning, it is true, has been made,
but this has been auspicious in the highest de-
gree. Its number of students is larger than that
of any similar institution in New England ex-
cepting Andover. Eight Annual Conferences are
now its pledged allies, and a generous hearty
sympathy, and desire for its success, seems to
pervade the hearts of our people generally. The
institution certainly supplies a lack, which our
young men have felt for a number of years, and
which our churches have felt especially in New
England. We therefore rejoice in the present
success of the institution, and shall pray for its
continued prosperity.

Jos. H. JENNE,